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A

DIALOGUE

Between the

POPE

AND A

PHANATICK,

Concerning Affairs in

ENGLAND.

By a Hearty Lover of his Prince and Country.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1680.

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DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

London:
Printed in the Year 1789.

A

DIALOGUE

Between the

POPE

AND A

PHANATICK.

POPE, Brother well met: how do all my Nephews in the North?

Phanatick, Through Mercy and Indulgence we are all in a very prosperous and hopeful condition.

Pope, My *Jesuites*, *Franciscans*, *Dominicans*, *Capuchines*, &c. Salute your Religious Orders, *Presbyterians*, *Independents*, *Anabaptists*, *Quakers*, &c. And especially my Societies of *Mendicants* present their most complying Respects to your new Order

of *Petitioners*. I can proceed no further than the Firſt Scene of a Plot, but I ſee Fate will reſerve the laſt Act to be your Part. My *Armada* miſcarried in *Eighty Eight*. The Powder would not fire upon King *James*; after this I conſidered that the Wiſdom and Piety of *Charles* the Firſt would have given too much Luſtre to the *Britiſh* Church, and have been too great a Glory for the Reformation, and therefore I did as much ſtudy the deſtruction of *Charles* the Firſt, as ever I did the ruin of the Second.

Phan. I know you did, for I remember I was at a Conſult with your Nuncio at *London* in the laſt Holy War.

Pope, But all my Arts had been ineffectual without your Alliance, for I muſt confeſs the carrying on of that War was your Merit, and your hand had the Reputation to ſtrike that blow, which made a Jubilee at *Rome*.

Phan. We hate the *Italian* way of King-Killing, we have no Ruffians among the Saints; there is more ſhew of Conſcience and Judgment in a High Court of Juſtice, than in Poiſon and Piſtol.

Pope, So we can but diſpatch another *Charles*, 'tis indifferent to me whether he falls after the *Engliſh*, or the *Italian* mode.

Phan.

Phan. Sir you have not well considered the matter, for the present Juncture gives me a great advantage; the people are so fully possest with the horror of the Popish Plot, and are so vehemently prejudiced against the *Romish* Proselytes and Religion, that I might dispatch the King with Bullet or Dagger, and the Papists in *England* should dye for the Fact, and *Thames* and *Tweed* would be turned into blood, before your Friend at *Edingburgh* should arrive at St. *Jameses*; nay though I should be so unfortunate as to Kill the King with a Witness, to be sure I should have the common Grace to deny it, and then persons of the greatest Credit upon Earth would be no Evidence, the Multitude would believe they were as false Witnesses, as those that accused Jesus; nay if a voice from Heaven should give Testimony against me, the people like the *Jews*, would say it Thundred, or think it only the cheat of speaking Trumpet: most would be persuaded that my Accusation was only a Popish intrigue to cast the Plot upon the *Presbyterians*.

Pope, Well, if you will Assassinate the King, there would be so much Value and Merit in the Sacrifice, it will be worth the adventure of a Massacre.

Phan. Nay Sir, I confess, I am yet most inclined to the precedent of an High Court of Justice, for 'tis most honour for the Saints to bind the

the Kings in Chains, and their Nobles with Links of Iron, to make them our Priſoners, to Cut them off with the Pomp and Solemnity of Publick Juſtice; and to this purpoſe we are already provided of a Preſident, and there is no fear of wanting Lawyers to plead for the Commons, and to Arraign the King: the Scaffolds ſtand ſtill at *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and who knows for whom they wait? Beſides, if you remark the hints of Providence, or the ſigns of the times, you may obſerve, that Heaven it ſelf intends, we ſhould Act over the ſame things again, for we have a Parliament of the ſame Genius with that of *Forty one*, there is a *Charles* again at *Weſtminſter*, a *William* in *Canterbury*, an Earl *Thomas* in the *Tower*, and the ſame Crucifying Leſſon that happened upon the thirtieth of *January*, falls exactly in Rubrick upon the twenty ninth of *May*.

Pope. I wiſh the event of theſe fatal ſuggeſtions may confirm your Interpretation, but the Kings mounting of his Guns, and doubling his Guards, and bold Proroguing and Diſſolving of Parliaments, looks as if he had no mind to the Crown of Martyrdom; and I am afraid your obſervation of that Critical Leſſon in the *Engliſh* Calendar ſhould have another importance, and ſhould portend that *Charles* the Second was born to revenge the blood of the Firſt. But our Attempts from the South have been ſo unfortunate, that I

begin to think that there is in it ſome propriety of Fate, and that this *Scottiſh* Line muſt only be ruined by the Northern Covenanters, and beſides, you may do it with more ſecurity, for I ſee a *Phanatick* may Murther with leſs noiſe, and greater priviledge than a *Jeſuite*: for when we puſt out of the world that meer ſhadow of a Knight Sir *E. B. G.* his death Allarm'd the Nation, and made as great an Earthquake as the fall of *Charles* the Firſt; but you could Aſſaſſinate the Primate of an whole Kingdom, one of the Chief Miniſters of Church and State, and this done too with greater Circumſtances of Barbarity; and yet this Fact was reported with ſoft whiſpers and kind palliations.

Phan. Well, after all this, by the Doctrine of our Caſuiſts we are no King-Killers, for when a Prince deveſts himſelf of Royal Power and Prerogative by Conceſſions and Condeſcenſions, or when a mighty Parliament have beaten or dethroned the King, then to deſtroy him, is no more Regicide, than to Shoot through the ſign of the Kings-Head, or Stab the Picture of His Majeſty.

Pope, Well, I will ſay you outdo the whole world in Politiques, if you can bring two Kings to the Bar in one Age.

Phan. Alas! Your Cardinals Hats are ſhallow things, and your Triple Crown looks like a Fools Cap; we have one ſingle Head amongſt us, that has

has Wit enough to baffle Twelve *Cæsars*, a Gentleman well studied in the Philosophy of Alterations, and the Heroick vertue of affronting Princes.

Pope, I am glad to hear you have so great a Head, I hope you remember that the primary intention of our League, is to destroy that Episcopal Church of *England*, that Church which is rude to the Saints, and will worship nothing in Heaven but God, and nothing upon Earth but the King and his two Idols of Prerogative and Supremacy, those Pagan Teraphims, to which you and I will never bow; 'tis the ruine of this Church, that I do chiefly intend, and if the King falls in the Quarrel he dies by accident.

Phan. Sir you know I am obliged to this, both by Solemn League and Intereſt, and though like you I can dispense with Vows of Baptism, and Oaths of Allegiance, and such like Complements of State and Religion; Yet I make a Conscience of the Covenant, and therefore never doubt my Fidelity, for I will serve you as faithfully as your Castle of St. *Angelo*, or the Knights of *Malta*.

Pope, I have no reason to question that, but I would gladly understand how far matters are advanced, and what hopeful prospect you have of success in this grand Affair; but first let me know by what Arts you have rendred your selves so Popular; for I believe the *English* have a worse Opinion, and a greater abhorrence, of me, than they have

have of the Devil, for they are ſo Civil to him as not to torment him before his time, no, not ſo much as *in Effigie*, there is none of you would affront him ſo much as to burn his ſign at the Devil-Tavern, but look upon it with a greater veneration than upon the ſign of the Croſs; but the burning of the Pope is an Annual Triumph and Solemnity, and the people are only ſorry that it is but an Effigies, and that the Fire is not unquenchable.

Phan. My firſt Art is a Form of Godlineſs, the only Form I value in the world, for I find that a diſſembled Piety does more abundantly ſerve our intereſt, than a ſtrict ſincerity, which is therefore juſtly called the ſimplicity of Religion; publick Sobriety is an excellent Stratagem, and wins upon the vulgar, and the Style and Formality of Holineſs have done me as much ſervice in *England*, as it does you at *Rome*; and I think I may challenge the Title as juſtly as you, I prevail upon the minds of men by juſt ſuch methods as your *Jeſuites* Converted the *Chineſes*, not by ſtrength of Reaſon or Argument, but by Glaſſes and Clocks, Painted Maps and Books well guilded, thus I gain upon the people with Spiritual Fancies, well ſounding words, fine Enthuſiaſms and Allegories, thoſe Priſmes of Divinity, and this will be an infallible Artifice; for the common people of *England* have no more judgment in Theology, than the

Chineſe had in Mathematicks, and if the Preacher, like the *European* Clock at *Pequin* ſtrikes alone, and makes a noiſe without Book, whether he ſounds true or falſe, it paſſes for Inſpiration, and the voice of God; one ſucceſsful Stratagem to betray and confound the Church is this, by our ſure *Patronatus* we Poſt within the Eſtabliſh'd Church as many Unconforming Miniſters as we can, with the Popular Title of Sober and Moderate men; and your Caſuiſts and mine have taught them Salvoes enough to diſpenſe with Canonical Oaths and Subſcriptions; and by this Art we have reduced many hundred Pariſh-Churches into Conventicles, whoſe Service and Aſſemblies look no more like the Church of *England*, than the Cantons of *Swiſſerland*; and by this care and caution in preſenting, we have aſſured to our ſelves in every County ſome of the Clergy to Poll againſt the Church: And you know in a Siege one Enemy within the Walls is worth a Regiment without.

But we never preſent any High Conformiſt, except he be well qualified with little Learning and great Immoralities, and then the Ignorance and Debauchery of the one doth us as much ſervice as the Nonconformity of the other. But my moſt effectual Artifice to ruin our common Enemy the Church of *England*, is to clamour againſt her with the loud cries of Popery, and though this

this Church ſtands upon the Old Foundation of its firſt Reformation, yet my bold *Timariot Lewis du-Moulin* have made the people believe that ſhe is advanced within one hours ſail of *Rome*, and the uneducated Commons of *England*, and the half witted Gentlemen, are ſo happily eaſie and credulous, that I can impoſe upon them what I pleaſe, eſpecially in the fears and jealouſies of Popery; there is an Antient Law that looks like Nature and Morality, and I wiſh the Parliament would Repeal it, and that is, That men ſhould bow down and worſhip God, when they come to addreſs to him in their Publick Devotions; now if any High Churchman of *England*, when he enters a Cathedral ſhould pay this Homage of Adoration, if there be a Candleſtick, or an Eagle of Braſs in the Quire, I make the world believe that he worſhips the Brazen Serpent, or if there be at the Eaſt end ſome fine Painted Faces with gilded Wings, then I perſuade my Proſelytes, that the bowing that way, is the Superſtitious Humility or Worſhipping of Angels, which the Apoſtle condemns; I can make them believe without any further queſtion, that the Singing of Hymns and Pſalms according to the Cathedral manner, was a Popiſh invention, and Pointed by Antichriſt, and that Chriſt and his Apoſtles Sung the Paſchal Pſalm in the Tune of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*. Sir there is ſuch an Omnipotence in your name, that

you can be no leſs than the Vicar of the Almighty; the meer word of Pope or Popery works Miracles in *England*; if there ſtands in my way a Monarchical Gentleman of a flouriſhing Reputation, I do but breath upon him, and ſay he is Popiſhly affected, and he is as ſoon blaſted and withered as the Fig-Tree in the Goſpel; it was that dear word Popery, which once before blew up Church and State, whipt off the Heads of King and *Canterbury*; nay there is ſo much Magick in it, that the very buzze of Popery will Conjure up a Preſbyterian Parliament; nay there is ſuch wonders in this name, that I believe, the fears of Popery may be ſo cunningly managed, as at laſt to bring it in without any jealouſie at all, and all this time the people believe that you and I are direct Antipodes, though we lye in the ſame Parallel, and are equal Enemies to the Divine Right of Kings and Biſhops.

Pope, In this conſiſts the ſtrength of all our Stratagems, and to continue this profitable deluſion, I requeſt you to continue me the friendſhip of your Raillery, for you are never ſo kind to me, as when you clamour loudeſt againſt me, for if once our Correſpondence be diſcovered, all our Politicks are defeated.

Phan. I never Paint you without the Devil at your Elbow, and then I make you look the worſt of the two; never fear a Diſcovery of our Compliance,

pliance, for 'tis beyond the reach of Mechanicks and half brained Gentlemen to underſtand the fineſſes betwixt you and I; indeed the ill-timed motion of our *Scottiſh* Brethren might have given the world an unlucky ſuſpition of our Confederacy, for there being a Synchroniſm in our Plots, and ſuch an agreement in our deſigns, it might have given a vehement preſumption of our Compliance, if we had not had a good ſtock of Friends and Confidence; but O That Critical and unfortunate Prorogation of Parliament! when we took up Arms in *Scotland*, we did not queſtion, but our Allies had been ſafely Intrenched at *Weſtminſter*, but ſure that fatal Councel muſt either be the advice of *Lucifer* or *Lauderdale*. But to proceed, another Artifice of ours conſiſts in that *Hogan Mogan* word of Proteſtant Religion, a name which the people eſteem more Sacred than that which the Diſciples aſſumed at *Antioch*, if I do but cry out the Proteſtant Religion is at ſtake, 'tis as great an alarm as firing of Beacons.

Pope, I would gladly know how far you extend that Title of Proteſtant Religion.

Phan. Why Sir, it is a Latitudinarian word, and ſo comprehenſive, that it may take in almoſt all the world except the Pope and the Devil.

Pope, Will that word reach from *Tweed* to *Boſphorus*? and will you make the Grand *Turk* to be a Proteſtant?

Phan.

Phan. I see no reason why he should not be reckoned in our Communion, for he disowns your Infallibility and Supremacy, and scoffs at your Miracle of the Mass, and is as great an Enemy to Images and Idols as any Jew or Protestant in *Holland*, and he is very Orthodox in the Decrees of Predestination, the great Doctrine of Protestants, and what is more than all this, his Priests wear no Surplice, Lawn Sleeves nor Rochets, they neither use the sign of the Cross, nor place any Rails at the East end of the *Mosch*, and the *Mufti* is of the same mind with our Presbytery concerning Princes, 'That whatsoever 'Prince obey not the Law of God, he is no true '*Muscelman* or Believer, and being become by his 'filthy Actions an Infidel, he is *ipso facto* fallen 'from his Throne, and no further Capable of Au-'thority and Government, and with this Divinity our *Turkish* Brethren Strangled Sultan *Ibrahim*, in the same year *Forty Eight*, when we by the same Maxim cut off *Charles* the First. That in which we most disagree, is, that our Brethren in *Turky* still retain that old Natural Superstition of Adoration, and when they enter their places of Devotion will with low Prostrations worship God, and for that Reason because he is Monarch of the whole world; but yet this does not so much scandal me, because I think they do not worship to the East,

See Paul Rycaut, *Turkish History.*

but

but I can't approve of their praying so much and Preaching so little.

Pope, Truely no more do I; for their frequenting their *Moschs*, their Praying five times a day, their humble Devotions and Adorations preserve in their minds an awful notion of a Deity and Sovereignty, and I wish like you they would Preach twice a day, and appoint Lectures twice or thrice a week, this would so distract and amuse them with varieties and novelties, that I believe a good Society of Lecturers would sooner destroy the *Turkish* Empire, than all the Arms of *Persia* and *Christendom*, or the Mutinies of Janizaries; well you have convinced me that the *Turks* ought to be admitted into the Poll-Book of Protestants, and if the *Pasha's* of *Buda* and *Babylon*, with all the *Beglerbegs*, *Spahee's* and *Janizaries*, be in the list of Protestants, I must confess you to be the most formidable Body in the world. But don't you take in the *Greek* Church too into your Protestant comprehension?

Phan. No: They are no more true Protestants than the Church of *England*; for they have Bishops and Liturgies, Rites and Ceremonies, and such kind of *Greekery*, for the mischief is I can't call it *Popery* in them, but they and the reason too are so far off from *England*, that I hope the Argument will not be discerned; but to conclude this, the *Thaumatergick* word of Protestant Religion have done

done our Cauſe ſuch eminent ſervice, that in the next Revolution, when we give new Charters to State and Religion, we deſign to expunge that *Popiſh* Article of Catholick, and put the *Proteſtant* Church into the Creed, if it ſhall be thought needful to retain any Creed at all.

Pope, Well, I am ſatisfied you have bravely undermined the Church of *England*, whoſe Ruins will help to Repair the Walls of Old and New *Babylon*, our Church and yours; but pray, what approaches have you made upon the State?

Phan. You muſt know that the Monarchy and Church of *England*, as they are now Eſtabliſhed are but one Work, and ſtand upon the ſame bottom, and therefore if the Mine Springs well, both muſt blow up together; but yet I have my peculiar Engines to Aſſault the Throne, as Firſt, powerful Libels, which have more effect than your Bulls, and it will not require ſo much of the Black Art to render this King odious, as it did to ſully the Reputation of his Father.

I have already prepared the people for Rebellion by fears and jealouſies of Arbitrary Power, if an High-Sheriff appears with Buff and Carbine, I tell the people, they are a Troop of *Spahee's*, and the Lord Leiutenant is a *Paſha*, and that *Charles* deſigns to be a *Sultan*.

Phan.

Pope. Methinks it is ſo lately ſince your *Oliver* the Firſt was as Grand a Signior as *Amurat* the Fourth, that that Stratagem ſhould have no force upon this Age, for the Cavaliers by a late Experiment have more reaſon to fear Arbitrary Government from you, than from their Hereditary Kings, whoſe Intereſt it is to ſecure the Liberty and Property of their Loyal Subjects.

Phan. 'Tis true the Saints have a right to an abſolute Dominion, and thoſe who ſhall judg Angels may ſurely condemn Kings and Nobles too, and I grant that there ſhall be no Parliament in the Fifth Monarchy; but this Arbitrary Power muſt not be allowed to the Kings of the Earth: but however I find that this State Mormo of Arbitrary Government, does ſtill fright the Populacy of *England*, and moſt of the Cavaliers are ſuch unconſidering Animals, that though I lately impriſoned them for the maintaining of Liberty, and Sequeſtred them in defence of Property, and put many to death by High Courts of Juſtice to preſerve them from Tyranny, yet they don't believe I will do ſo again, and ſeem to dread Arbitrary Power in none but Lawful Kings; beſides I have a great advantage, for the people of *England* will eaſily credit a Popiſh-Plot, and are very apt to think the worſt of you, but they are not ſo ready to ſuſpect any evil deſigns from me; if I ſhould raiſe a report, that you had by your Con-

juring Power of Tranſubſtantiation transformed an Hundred Thouſand men into Rooks and Crows, and ordered that Flying Army to Rendezvouze at *Black-Heath*, and there to ſhake off their Plumes and appear in Arms, I am confident there are thouſands would believe the ſtory; but they will not believe I have any deſign to Kill the King, till they ſee him upon the Scaffold.

Pope. I am ſatisfied you have Planted your Batteries with great advantage, and have made wide Breaches both upon Church and State, but you want your five hundred Veterans to enter the Breach and compleat the Conqueſt.

Phan. 'Tis true; if I can but once again Quarter a Parliament at *Guild-Hall*, or Poſt them at *Weſtminſter*, with the Guard of the City Auxiliaries, the buſineſs were done; for I confeſs we can do nothing in State or Religion without the power of an Ordinance, and I grant you that a Rebellion will not have its due colours or ſtanding force without the Levy and Authority of Parliament; but we are ſecured of a Houſe of Commons of our own Temper, for we have baffled the Gentry and Clergy, and are become the grand Electors of *England*; for by Polling all Cottages and Almſ-Houſes (the frankeſt tenure of *England*) by a little pardonable Perjury, and ſplitting our Free-hold into Atoms for four and twenty hours, we have rendred our ſelves Maſters of Elections; and thus

by

by an immortal oppoſition betwixt King and Parliament, we have rendred the Conſtitution unpracticable, and reduced the Government to this Dilemma, that either we muſt have a King without a Parliament, which is an *Engliſh* impoſſibility, or elſe a Parliament without a King, and for that, you know, we have a Precedent, and therefore the hopes and advantage lies on our ſide.

Pope. If you could give theſe Elect Creatures of yours a fixed being or a Politick immortality, all were done; but the King perverſly retains that Reprobating power of Prorogation and Diſſolution, and begins to learn how and when to uſe it.

Phan. This indeed is the greateſt difficulty of our affairs; but to maſter this we muſt uſe all imaginable Arts to diſtreſs the King; for as we cannot have a Parliament without the King, ſo he can have no mony without us; now to bring him into neceſſities, we will invite our friends in *Barbary* to infeſt the Seas; and our Proteſtant Neighbours have lately furniſhed them with Ammunition for that purpoſe. You muſt by your Nuncio at *Paris* prevent the League with *France*, and I do not queſtion but my Friends and Intereſt to hinder an Alliance with the *Dutch*. But if all theſe methods ſhould be defeated, I have one Stratagem left, which muſt effect our deſigns, and that is the Artifice of Petitioning, and though I

would not have the Nation agree in one common Form of Prayer to God Almighty, yet I will perſuade all the Counties of *England* to combine in one Petition to the King for the Seſſion of a Parliament. Now for Subjects to Petition their Prince ſeems at firſt ſight ſuch a plauſible Right, and ſo juſt a Liberty, that it would be thought Tyranny to diſguſt it, and I do not queſtion, but to court one hundred thouſand Hands into a Subſcription, and thus I have liſted a Formidable Army without beating of a Drum, and if the Gentleman at *White-Hall* ſhall affront our leading Petitioners, the whole aſſociation will be obliged to take the Field in Defence of Liberty, Property, and Petitions.

Pope. I acknowledg your proceedings are brave and ſomething hopeful, but I think you did commit an error in Politicks, by your too bold and open affronts upon the Throne, for when you had a Parliament of your own Family, you ſhould have ſweetly diſſembled your deſigns and wrought the Mine under ground, and not given ſuch open defiance to Prerogative; there was a time when the King caſt himſelf into the Arms of His Parliament, and then you might have Killed him with embraces, you ſhould have Worſhipped him, clothed him with Purple, and Courted him with flattering Addreſſes, but you ſhould not have ſhewed him the Crown of Thorns, till you had

brought

brought him to the Judgment-Hall, for now your bare-faced affronteries have rendred him jealous of your deſigns, and may put him upon ſome deſperate Counſels to obviate your contrivances; for your Plots againſt the Government are now more manifeſt than mine; but this I will ſay; if you can Ruin three Kingdoms twice in one Age, you deſerve the triple Crown as well as I.

Phan. Hold, Sir, Now uſe your Omnipotence of Tranſubſtantiation, vaniſh into Air, tranſform your ſelf into a Wafer, (for ſure that is as eaſie as to change a Wafer into a man, or which is more, into a God;) here comes an Unconverted Cavalier, a Worſhipper of Kings and Biſhops, and if he diſcovers my Company and Correſpondence with you, we are undone.

Pope. I ſee him, and he is ſo far advanced already that he muſt have obſerved us; and there is no remedy left, but to delude him with the wonted Artifice of Railing upon each other, and begin as ſoon, and as loud as you can.

Phan. You Anti-Chriſt the Great, the Spiritual *Paſha* of Myſtical *Baybilon*, the great Hocus Pocus of Chriſtendom, Son of the Scarlet Whore, the Incendiary and Deceiver of the Nations, you man of ſin and Pander to the Devil.

Pope. You Apocryphal Spawn of Bel and the Dragon, you ill-looking, ill-natured Phanatick, the ſhame of Humanity, the ſcandal of Chriſtendom

dom, the Plague of Governments, you are the Beast and the False Prophet, and your Numbers are the Locusts, that came out of the bottomless Pit; you are the perfection of Impudence, Impiety and Hypocrisie.

Cavalier. Very fine in troth! Do you think me to be so blind, that nothing can restore my sight but a Miracle? No, you are mistaken, I have a long time suspected your compliance, but now both mine Eyes and mine Ears have assured me of your Confederacy: I know which is the eldest, but 'tis not easie to determine, who is the greatest Knave of you two; You, Mr. *Pope*, damn me for a Heretick, and your Brother Phanatick Blasphemes me for a Papist, but though the next Successor to the Crown should come from *Rome* or *Leyden*, I would never be a Rebel, nor should all the Power or Prerogative upon Earth, ever oblige me to be a Papist or Presbyterian; I am of the same Church and Religion with *Polycarpus*, St. *Ignatius*, St. *Gregory Nazianzen* and *Nyssen*, St. *Basil*, St. *Chrysostom* and St. *Cyprian*; Who were Friends to Bishops and Liturgies, Decent Rites and Ceremonies in Publick Worship, and yet were neither Papal nor Phanatical, and I hope, it will not be long, before all the Princes of Christendom will see it their Interest to be Enemies to you both. As for your present Intrigue of Petitioning, you have told the people in plausible

Cant,

Cant, that it is one of the excellencies of the King of Kings to hear the Prayers of them who are but Duſt and Aſhes, and that the King would but reſemble a Deity in a Gracious Receiving and Granting Petitions, but like your old Friend that tempted our Saviour, you conceal the moſt material part of the Divinity; for ſure according to the due reſtrictions of Religion and Allegiance we are obliged to ask nothing from God or the King, but what is eſſentially Good and Juſt, and agreeable to their declared Will and Pleaſure, but for men or ſubjects to confine Providence or Prerogative to the Modes and Meaſures of their private humors, is neither Devotion to God, nor Good manners to the King.

And if Popular Petitions be ſo juſt a Right of the Subject, I would fain know why we might not as Lawfully Petition the King for the Diſſolving of this Parliament, as you do for the Sitting of it, I am ſure we have as much Reaſon and Liberty as you, only we have more Manners and Submiſſion, and think it not Dutiful in Subjects to impoſe upon their Soveraign with Impudent and Tumultuous Suggeſtions. By this Method of Petitioning you would render His Majeſties Government Precarious in the moſt literal ſenſe; and when he has granted your Petitions, it will not be long before you requite his Grace with a Vote of non-Addreſſes. I confeſs your Factious

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Conſpiracies have rendred our happy Conſtitution Unpracticable, and brought the Government into ſuch a Dilemma, that there is no Medium to be fancied betwixt Empire and Common-wealth, and the King muſt either reſolve to take up the Imperial Crown, or prepare to lay down his Head, for he muſt either ſuffer the eternal affronts of ill-humoured Parliaments, or by his Supream wiſdom contrive ſome more quiet or ſafer method of Elections; and ſince by your fault and confuſions, the Antient Government is come to an end, 'tis but reaſon to allow our Soveraign that juſt care and right to ſecure the Monarchy, and Peace of the Kingdom by ſome new Model of Parliaments; I have ſeen an Oration made by *Mecænas* to one of the Popes *Pagan* Predeceſſors, *Auguſtus Cæſar*, wherein he adviſed him to aſſume the Monarchy, but wiſely ſuggeſted to him that he ſhould not make his ſudden paſſions and ſingle will, the Laws and Edicts of his Empire; but to provide a Graver Senate, that ſhould be his Grand Council in the important affairs of Government, a Conſulting with whom would add Weight and Solemnity to his Imperial Sanctions, but then he added this Politick caution, that he ſhould never grant the people that dangerous favour to Elect the Members of this Senate, for then, ſays he, your Empire will be expoſed to Popular Factions and Tumults; every Election will ferment the

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humours of the Populacy, and occaſion ſuch Convulſions in the State, that you will never be ſecure of any ſafety at home, or Glory abroad, and therefore to prevent thoſe fatal miſchiefs, it was his Counſel to *Cæſar*, that he ſhould by the ſtricteſt enquiry ſearch in all parts of his Dominions for men of the greateſt Wiſdom, Integrity, and Merit, who could not be ſuppoſed to be Friends, either to Tyranny or Anarchy, and by his Imperial Authority to conſtitute theſe his great Council without any noiſe or ruffle to his Empire.

You know I am a Member of that Un-rebelling Church of *England*, and if your amuſing proſpects of Futurity can ſuppoſe ſuch a Monſtroſity in Government, as a Prince ſhould uſe his Prerogative to deſtroy his Peaceable Subjects, yet I would rather be ruined by the Diviner hand of a Monarch, than be worried by the baſer Tyranny of a Phanatick Common-wealth.

Now ſince you have made Covenants and Aſſociations to Ruin the Government of Church and State, we are reſolved to unite in the defence of both; It is evident enough by your Plots and Petitions that you deſign another War, and ſeeing nothing can be expected from another Triumphant Phanatick Army, but the utter extirpation of the Monarchy, and all the Loyal Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry; we do therefore declare, that we will ſpeedily furniſh our ſelves with Arms and

Ammunition for us and our dependants, and upon the first notice of a Rebellion, we will repair to the Royal Standard, resolving to make a short end of the Controversie, and either to dye in the Field, and not to behold the Second Ruin of Church and State, or else, by a final Conquest, to Purchase to this Nation an everlasting freedom from Phanatick insolence and disturbance; and may that hand be held up at the Bar of an High Court of Justice, that will not subscribe this Union and Resolution.

FINIS.